CANTUS HIBERNICI

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AUCTORE THOMÂ MOORE,

LATINÈ REDDITI.

EDITIO NOVA.

À NICHOLAO LEE TORRE,

COLL: NOV: APUD OXONIAM,

OLIM SOCIO.

LEAMINGTON:

THOMAS KNIBB.

MDCCCLVI.

TO

THE MOST HONOURABLE

HENRY PETTY FITZMAURICE,

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.,

D.C.L., F.R.S.,

&c., &c.

THIS VOLUME

WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S KIND PERMISSION

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S OBLIGED

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

NICHOLAS LEE TORRE.

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IRISH MELODIES.

I.

"REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE."

PECTORE sub memori famam servate Brienni,[1]
Quamvis extremo sternitur ille die;
Amisit quamvis fortem Mononia[2] regem,
Nec sua Kinkoræ[3] conspicit arva redux.
Occidit heu! clarum certaminis occidit astrum,
In medio solitum reddere Marte jubar;
At satis irradiat districtos luminis enses,
Ut citò nos victrix inveniamus iter.

Cùm Natura tuos pinxit, Mononia! campos,
Montibus eximium cùm dedit illa decus,
Constituitne unquam durum sine lege tyrannum
Illic servitii jam stabilire pedem?
Haud ità:—Libertas! Danis hæc verba referto!
(Te quoniam spes est nostra tenere diù,)
Ut decet immunes potiùs mala ferre per ævum,
Quàm semel immeritâ sub juga pace frui.

Pectore sub memori laceros servate sodales,[4]
Qui strage haud mediâ deseruêre locum!
Dum rubicunda suo fumabat sanguine vallis,
Victores illic succubuere neci.
Sol, nunc arma novo circumdans lumine nostra,
Vidit in Ossoriis corpora fusa plagis:

O! minimè rubeat, cùm tandem absconditur
undis,
Credens nequicquam tot periisse viros.

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[1] Brien Borombe, the great monarch of Ireland, was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

[2] Mononia, *Munster.*

[3] Kinkora, *the Palace of Brien.*

[4] This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitz Patrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops;—never was such another sight exhibited."—*History of Ireland.* Book xii. ch. i.

II.

"ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES."

O Erin! risus lachrymæque vestris
Sæpè concurrunt oculis, ut Irim
Vestra cingentem vario videmus
Nubila gyro.

Sæpè per tantum rutili dolorem,
Per voluptatis radios opaci,
Jam tui soles dubio nitore
Flent orientes.

O Erin! nunquam tacitos licebit
Sorte felici cohibere fletus;
Major haud unquam decorabit ægrum
Gratia risum:

Si tamen sese varii colores
Misceant, Iris veluti coruscans,
Te super, cœlo aspiciente, surget
Pacifer arcus!

III.

"OH! BREATH NOT HIS NAME."

Nulla vocet nomen proscriptum lingua;
sub umbrâ
Obscurum lateat, quæ tegit ossa simul.
Tristes sint fletus, tristes et voce repressâ,
Ut cadit in stratum roscida gutta caput.

Ast hæc gutta cadens tranquillâ roscida
nocte
Florenti tumulum cespite viva teget:
Et lachrymæ, quamvis per longa silentia
fusæ,
Servabunt memori pectore fata diù.

IV.

"WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE."

Cùm tandem illius, qui te inconcussus
amavit,
Nil nisi sors tristis, nil nisi culpa,
manet,
Tune igitur famam plorabis labe notatam,
Dum pro dilectâ te periisse juvat?
Funde, precor, lachrymas! hostis si
crimine lædat,
Solvetur lachrymis crimen inane tuis:
Teste Deo, quamvis jure incusaverit
hostis,
Fas erat heu! nimiâ te coluisse fide.

Te petiêre olim sanctæ primordia
flammæ,
De te sollicitum cor fuit usque meum;

Cùmque preces reddet mutescens lingua
supremas,
Pro te reddentur vota suprema simul.
Vivant felices, O terque quarterque
beati!
Queîs te conspicuam cernere laude
datum:
Hoc minùs optandum dederunt mihi
numina fatum,
Dulce tamen, pro te succubuisse neci.

V.

"THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS."

Heu ! Lyra, quæ Taræ quondam modulata per aulas
Sueverat æthereos fundere pulsa sonos,
Nunc sonitûs expers Taræ laquearibus hæret,
Haud aliter quàm si fugerat omne melos.
Sic jacet ætatum tenebris obducta priorum
Gloria, sic famæ vox inhonora silet;
Et corda, implêrat laudum quæ summa cupido,
Amplius haud laudes exstimulare solent.

Amplius haud dominos inter dominasque sonabit
Dulciloquâ Taræ nobilis aula lyrâ;

Diruptæque fides per longa silentia noctis
  Exitii tantùm cognita signa dabunt.
Sic pia Libertas ponit tam rara soporem,
  Ut, quando assurgit pectore dius honos,
Assurgit solùm, cùm corda infracta revelant
  Libertatem ipsam non abiisse solo.

VI.

"FLY NOT YET."

Abite nondum! nunc veluti, jubar
Solare vitans, flosculus, emicat
  Sub luce Dianæ Voluptas,
    Virginibus juvenumque turbæ.

Solùm ut sacrarent tempora Vesperis,
Fulsêre Diana et Veneris chorus;
  Sub nocte jam solùm micantes,
    Munera condecorant Lyæi:

Manete paulùm—O! nectite vos moras—
Raró Voluptas imposuit jugum
  Tanti paratûs, ut doleret
    Solvere tam subitò catenas.

Abite nondum! Fons Jovis inclytus,
Etsi rigebat frigore per diem,
Narratur, ut Comi sodales,
Per mediam tepuisse noctem.

Sic fœminarum corda, meridie,
Sic ora, brumalem exuperent aquam;
Sed nocte fervescant reductâ
Blanditiis iterum caloris.

Manete paulùm! O! nectite vos moras—
Aspexit unquam Sol revocans equos
Fulgentiores his ocellos,
Pocula qui vigiles coronant?

VII.

"THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN."

Heu! fugit ex oculis tellus mihi dulcis
Hiberna,
Sed tecum tellus omnis Hiberna mihi:
Quocunque erramus, facient tua lumina
cœlum,
Et domus exilio pectus amantis erit.

Tecum saxa petam, latebrosis atra
cavernis,
Amplius haud aliis conspicienda viris;
Et minus horrescam nimbosi murmura
venti,
Quàm procul hostilem, te comitante,
manum.

Felix, admirans fusos per colla capillos,
Felix, percipiens murmura blanda lyræ,
Amplius haud metuam Saxonem cæde
cruentum,
Ut chordam avellat, diripiatve comam.[1]

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[1] In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks) on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of the bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give preference to her dear Coulin, or the youth with flowing locks, to all strangers (by whom the English were meant) or those who wore their habits. About the same period, also, some harsh measures were taken against the Irish minstrels.

VIII.

"RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE."

Ibat insuetis decorata gemmis;
Virga cingenti rutilavit auro;
At super cultus nitidos micavit
Forma puellæ.

"Nonne per tristes feritate tractus
Ore præsignis metuis vagari?
Nulla torpentes mulier nec aurum
Captat Hibernos?"

"Cordis incedo trepidantis expers;
Nemo vexabit patriis in arvis;
Chara sit gemma, et pretiosa virgo,—
Charius æquum."

Ibat,—et vultu per aperta rura
Suaviter ridens sine labe cursum
Læta tendebat, fidei suorum
Fœmina credens.[1]

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1 This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value: and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of Ireland,* Vol. i. book x.

IX.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Emicat in terris non vallis amœnior illâ,
Obvia quâ miscent flumina bina sinus:[2]
Spiritus ante meus tenues vanescet in auras,
Quàm corde immemori concidet iste locus.

Non mihi cincta tamen Naturæ munere vallis,
Non redolens verno flore placebat humus;
Non aures solùm captabat murmur aquarum;
Charius ast aliquid gaudia plura dabat.

O! dum læti aderant, animæ pars major, amici,
Naturæ facies visa nitere magis:

O! magis insignes jactas, Natura! colores,
  Cùm te nobiscum laudat amica cohors.

O utinam placidè, dilectos inter amicos,
  Ipse tuis umbris, dulcis Ovoca, fruar!
Cùm vitœ decedit hyems, et pace quiescunt
  Tandem, sicut aquæ, pectora fida, tuæ.

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[1] The "Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow.

[2] The Rivers Avon and Ovoca.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

St. Senanus.[1]

"Insulam sacram, ratis O scelesta!
Linque, dum noctis tenebræ supersunt:
Nonne juravi ut pede fœminarum
Terra maneret

Semper intacta? et mediis in umbris,
Quæ cadunt circùm, veniente puppi,
Proh pudor! longè manifesta cerno
Virginis ora."

The Lady.

"O Pater; cymbam minimè repelle,
Tentet ut fluctus hyemis tumentes!

Corde submisso, mihi crede, sacrum
Littus adivi;

Quò piis Numen precibus vocarem
Indies tecum, Pater O verende!
Meque venturâ nihil hìc beatos
Polluet agros."

Movit haudquaquam mulier Senanum;
Ventus afflavit nimiùm secundus;
Cymba processit:—tamen hæc sonabant
Murmura famæ,

Virgo quòd, sacris remorans in agris,
Læta vixisset reditura nunquam,
Si patri risus lepidos dedisset,
Luce reductâ.

[1] In a metrical Life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *'Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ,'* we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party: he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel was supposed to have taken to the island for the express purpose of introduction to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:

"Cui Præsul;—quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam."

XI.

"HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES."

O quàm chara mihi decedens hora diei,
Cùm Sol occiduo lumine tingit aquas!
Tum menti occurrunt elapsi temporis acta,
Datque memor pectus vota suprema tibi.

Et cùm prospicio radianti tramite lucem,
Quæ micat Hesperiis per mare fusa plagis,
Ut cupio tentare viam fulgore coruscam,
Ducturam sperans quò vocat alma quies!

XII.

"TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE."

Rursus intactas, Catharina! chartas
Sume, quas nondum calamus notavit;
Forsan implebit sapientioris
Dextra libellum.

Purus, ut lumen radians, adesset
Versus, et puræ tibi qui placeret;
Omne sed carmen variant in ignem
Tela Cytheræ.

Attamen librum mihi da; juvabit
Sæpè, dum chartas oculis pererro,
Dulciûs de te meminisse curas
Mente repostas.

Paginæ lucent niveo pudore,
Sicut ornatus, Catharina, vestri;
Nil ibi scribat malesanus ardor,
Nil inhonestum.

Fortè si terris vagus in remotis,
Quà tui nunquam rutilant ocelli,
Mente tranquillâ patriæ tuique
Dona revolvam,—
Musa tùm versus aliquos pararet,
Tuque laudares sine labe carmen,
Quale non fervet nimis, at pudico
Conditur æstu.

Utque nautarum tabulæ vagantûm
Indicant omnes pelagi meatus,
Alta velato quoties sub astro
Æquora verrunt,—

Sic quod inscribit manus hæc docebit
De tot adversis mihi nunc procellis,
Abditâ sic te, Catharina! flammâ,
Te duce cursûs.

XIII.

THE LEGACY.

Morte cùm tandem placidâ recumbam,
Cor meum charæ dominæ referto,
Vina depastum facilesque risus
Tempore vitæ.

Sistat omninò lachrymas; nec unquam
Polluat cor tàm leve, tàm jocosum;
Munus aspergat roseo Lyæo
Nocte dieque.

Cùm tacent cantus, patulis vetustæ
Januis aulæ[1] citharam repone,
Quò solet fessos properare gressus
Sæpè Viator:

Si vagans spreto Citharista voto
Increpet chordas, precibus magistrum
Fidus absentem memores, et adsis
Ore faventi.

Hoc mero spumans epulas adornet
Poculum, me sub tumulo jacente,
Labra quod solùm tetigêre dulci
Tincta rubore.

Dumque commotus studio fideli
Hospes optabit dominæ salutem,
Spiritus circà meus advolabit
Munera sacrans.

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[1] "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music."—*O'Halloran.*

XIV.

"SILENT, O MOYLE! BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER."

O Moyla! cessent murmura gurgitis,
Serventque longum flabra silentium,
  Dum noctis enarrat sub umbris
    Liria[1] sidereæ dolorem.
Quando solutis emoriens olor
Effundet alis funereum melos?
  Quandoque, campanâ sonante,
    Hanc animam Superi vocabunt?

Longos per annos, fluctibus in tuis,
O Moyla! vitam flebiliter traho;

At sancta lux ortum moratur,
  Et jacet in tenebris Hibernus.
Quando sub almo lumine Phosphori
Nostrum beabunt Pax et Amor solum?
  Quandoque, campanâ sonante,
    Hanc animam Superi vocabunt?

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[1] Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.

XV.

"BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS."

O! quanquam illecebræ, quæ nunc juvenilibis annis
Delectare nimis pectora nostra solent,
Effugiant celeres, cùm crastina fulserit Eos,
Haud secus ac Lemurum munus inane perit,—
Crede mihi, quanquam decedat tota venustas,
Vivet adhuc, finem non subiturus, amor;
Crede mihi, formâ quamvis mutata, placebis
Æternùm fido, chara puella, viro.

At dum pulchra viges præstanti flore juventæ,
Dumque carent lachrymis lumina, dumque genæ;

Vix bene nota fides, vix certus pectoris
ardor,
Cui lapsu ætatis charior esse potes.
O! qui rectus amat, tenet, æternùmque
tenebit
Fervorem, donec venerit atra dies;
Sic vultu immoto Phœbi flos aureus
idem
Suspicit occiduum luciferumque diem.

XVI.

"OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD."

Ne vatem culpate, petat si prata, voluptas
Quà viget, et famæ respuit omne decus;
Haud ita semper erat: quondam felicibus horis
Musarum forsan dignius esset opus.
Chorda, super citharam quæ nunc laxata recumbit,
Curvâsset quondam cornua, Marte sonans;
Et vates, quem sola ciet nunc cæca libido,
Spirâsset patriæ raptus amore melos.

Heu patriæ delapsus honos! jam gloria fugit;
Robora jam, flecti nescia, fracta jacent;

Occultè et tacitè fatum plorare neccesse est;
Tutari mors est nunc, et amare nefas.
Vilis erit civis, nisi doctus prodere civem;
Vilis, si doleat dedecorare patrem;
Et quæ tæda viam retegit splendoris, ab ipso
Tollitur heu patriæ perniciosa rogo.

Ne vatem culpate, petat si gaudia, pellat
Si curam ex animo, quam superare nequit.
Spem præbete brevem, patriæ subducite noctem!
Tum pateat quanto pectus amore tumet:
Tum, natale solum! pro te mens læta reponet
Quicquid erat studii luxuriæque prius!
Myrtus et, haud aptè nostrâ jam nexa coronâ,
Mox gladium, Harmodii[1] more modoque, teget.

Carmine sed vatis semper laudata vigebis,
  Quamvis spes abiit, præteriitque decus:
Nunquam, lætitiæ quoties cantabit in horâ,
  Te simul expellet mente, vicesque tuas.
Tristis in externâ fundes tellure dolorem,
  Trans mare tollentur murmura mœsta lyræ;
Duraque dum collo circumdat vincla magister,
  Captivi lachrymans audiet ille melos.

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[1] See the Hymn attributed to Alcæus,—

"Εν μυρτου κλαδί το ξιφος φορησω &c."

"I will carry my sword hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

XVII.

"BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING."

Per spem cientem pectora, crastini
Quæ Martis affert indicium, precor,
  Per solis exortum, daturi
    Vincula, servitiive finem,—
Memento vitam non nisi liberis
Præbere certi munera gaudii:
  En! qualis occumbens in undas
    Phosphorus, in tumulum suorum
Defletus heros agmine concidit.—
Felix, paterni cui requies domi
  Ætate confecto senili
    Lethiferos minuit dolores;

Ast ille quantâ parte beatior,
Quantòque mortem nobilior subit,
Qui nuper exultans in horâ
Lumina composuit triumphi!

Nunc, dum per ignes excubias agit,
Pallescit hostis; nunc grave prælium,
Quo nostra formidabat arma,
Mente manet trepidâ repostum.
O'! non catenas amplius alliget,
Quales in isto Marte fuit datum
Vitare nobis: heus! canorum
Signa ciet furibunda cornu;
Illud[1] repletum et spumiferum mero
Haurire nostris, O! liceat, die
Vergente, turmis; dum triumphi
Conveniunt celebrare pompam.

Quot spe tumentes divite milites
Sero jacebunt vespere mortui,
Queis ipse Victorum tumultus
Rumpere non poterit soporem!
Sed quàm beato sternitur otio,
Quem laude dignum Musa vetat mori;
Et cujus admirans sepulchrum
Fletibus accumulabit Orbis!

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[1] "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed meadh out of it, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—*Walker.*

XVIII.

"LIKE THE BRIGHT LAMP, THAT SHONE IN KILDARE'S HOLY FANE."

Kildariæ [1] veluti, per tot discrimina, lampas
  Perpetuum sacrâ lumen in arce dabat,
Enitet haud aliter collecto robore pectus,
  Quod frustrà urgebant aspera fata malis.
Sic tua, post longam mœroris, Hibernia! noctem,
  Post juga servitii vis reparata micat.

Torpent Sole suo gentes abeunte propinquæ,
  Sed tuus exoritur Sol, tua fama viget:
Quamvis mane novo duræ pressêre catenæ,
  Libertate frui dat tibi sera dies;

Submersumque diu nunc ardet, Hibernia! sidus
Luce tuum, circà dum latet omne jubar.

Imbribus haud concreta jacent, haud concita vento,
Lilia sub terris, dum fera sævit hyems;
At mox torporem verno quùm tempore solvunt,
Libertate novâ læta dieque virent.
Jam tua fugit hyems; decessit, Hibernia! luctus,
Spesque retenta diu jam stabilita manet.

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[1] "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quòd extingui non possit, sed quòd tam solicitè moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materiâ, fovent et nutriunt, ut à tempore Virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—*Giraldus Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern.*

XIX.

"WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE."

Dum luctu in medio longos producimus annos,
Et querimur charum jam superesse nihil,
Si numeros liceat nobis audire canoros,
Qui flore ætatis gaudia mira dabant,—
O quantâ resonant læti dulcedine cantus!
Tum menti occurrunt quæ latuêre diu;
Tum trepidans iterum consurgit risus, in ipsis,
Heu! nimiúm solitis illachrymare, genis.

Ac veluti spirat genitabilis aura Favonî,
Quæ solet Eoas pervolitare rosas,

Haud secus induitur præstanti Musica dono,
  Quæ felici olim tempore grata fuit:
Quamvis jamdudum flores periêre caduci,
  Aura tamen fragrans munus odoris habet;
Et quamvis ævo cecidit labente voluptas,
  Vivit adhuc, quoties Musica reddit opem.

Ars divina! fugax omninò gratia linguæ
  Deficit, Aonios te meditante modos:
Cur vox facundas cupiat proferre loquelas,
  Cùm tu tam blandos scis iterare sonos?
Fallat amicitiæ simulato pectore nomen,
  Sæpius occulto vulnere fallat amor,—
Sed tu, dum cunctos delectas, Musica! sensus,
  Nescia fallendi, corripis arte viros.

XX.

"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND WHERE HER YOUNG HERO SLEEPS."

Est procul à patriâ, juvenis quâ conditur
heros,
Fœmina, dum multos torquet amore viros ;
Sed multorum oculos fugit aversata, dolet-
que ;—
Cor jacet in tumulo, quo jacet ille, suum.

Cantus blandisonâ modulatur voce paternos,
Quales, luce fruens, ille docebat amans :
O ! nescit, quicunque extollit voce canentem,
Quàm pænè efiracto pectore vulnus alit.

Dilexit patriam solùm, fidamque puellam;
Vixit ut hanc foveat, pro patriâque perit.
Haud citò cessabit patriæ dolor iste; superstes
Haud longùm in terris fida puella gemet.

Sit funebris honos, ubi Sol descendit in umbras,
Crastina pollicitus gaudia luce novâ;
Sol suprà cineres effundet lumina, qualis
Risus ab Hesperiis, quò jacet ille, plagis.

XXI.

"AVENGING AND BRIGHT FALL THE SWIFT SWORD OF ERIN."

Ductorem invisum, natos qui prodidit Usnæ[1],
Supplicio celeri concita vexet Erin:
Exosi aspergent tot guttæ sanguinis ensem,
Quot lachrymas olim victima quæque dedit.

Per rubram[2], Conori quæ texit limina, nubem,
Cum tres Ulsterii succubuêre duces;—
Per tumidos belli fluctus, qui sæpe solebant
Hosce triumphali tollere Marte viros;—

Ulcisci juramus adhuc: jam plectra silebunt;
Absint deliciæ, juraque sacra tori;
Nec prius aula sonum, nec campus munera reddat,
Quàm scelerum pœnas improbus ille luat.

O! quanquam meminisse domi sit suave, recurrat
Quanquam grati aliquid dum pia corda dolent,
Spes et amicitiæ quanquam dulcedine tangant,
Nostrorum cineres plus satiâsse juvat.

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[1] The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which

terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The Death of the Children of Touran;' 'The Death of the Children of Lear, or Lir;' and this, 'The Death of the Children of Usna.'" The second of these stories has been alluded to in the ballad, "Silent, oh Moyle!" &c.

[2] "Oh Nasi! view that cloud which I here see in the sky; I see over Eman-green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red,"—*Deirdri's Song.*

XXII.

"LOVE AND THE NOVICE."

Hìc consecratas incolimus domos;
Advertit aures hìc precibus cohors
   Cœlestis, et spirans odorem
      Veris honos mediis videtur
Adesse votis:—O Veneris puer!
Ne sis quieti noxius; heu! pias
   Captare tu possis sorores,
      Cœlicolas referens figurâ.

Juxtà Sororem jam Puer adstitit;
Amoris illìc indicium notans,

Assumit alas Angelorum,
Dum pietas oculis refulget.
"Quis cogitâsset tam nitidis modis,"
Exclamat Infans, "esse Cupidinem
Alas novaturum vagantes,
Atque oculos nimiùm sinistros?"

Incendit horis nunc Amor omnibus
Te, Virgo demens! et stimulat preces;
Nunc ille suspirans ad aram
Lampadis ingeminavit ignes:
Est ille Numen quod colis, est Amor
Idolon ipsum pectoris; Angeli
Non hunc removissent amictum
Conspicuo pietatis ostro.

XXIII.

"AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT."

Nocte super mediâ, vallem, deflentibus
astris,
Desertam inviso, quæ tibi chara fuit;
Et mihi vana fides, (si linquant æthera
Manes,
Tellurisque iterum gaudia lapsa petant)—
Te mihi dicturum, notâ tum valle
morantem,
In cœlis etiam te meminisse mei.

Illîc chara olim modulari carmina fas est,
Qualia concentu vox tua juncta dabat;

Et dum sæpè cavis Echo[1] procul assonat
antris,
Te credo alternos reddere voce sonos:
Dulcia tu lentè demittere verba vìderis,
Umbrarum Elysiis edita verba locis.

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1 "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls repeating the words we utter which we call Echo."

XXIV.

"'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

Postrema floret jam rosa munerum,
Quæ protulerunt æstiferi dies;
  Hanc omnis effugit sodalis
    Fronde super vacuâ relictam:
Illìc iisdem lætus odoribus
Flos nullus astat, nullus in hortulis
  Nunc germen emittit, rubore et
    Tristitiâ simili venustus.

Non te relinquam, flos nimis abdite!
Sub fronde languens ut pereas morâ:

I, quò decori nunc recumbunt,
Et proprio recuba sepulchro!
Sic dextra spargit per viridaria
Labore grato sic tenues comas;
Quà, dulcis expertes odoris,
Decidui comites quiescunt.

Te mox solutis te studiis sequar!
Amica quando me refugit cohors;
Quandoque gemmatæ reponit
Tristis amor radios coronæ.
O! cum recedit casta fides procul,
Cum sanctus exit fervor amantium,
Quis solus hunc orbem pererrans
Ferret onus strepitumque vitæ?

XXV.

"THE MINSTREL BOY TO THE WAR IS GONE."

Bellum petivit nunc, fidibus potens,
Inter catervas conspicuus, puer;
  Nunc ense succinctus paterno
    Ex humeris citharam locavit.
"O dulce Musis! te, patriæ solum!
"Si totus orbis decipiat dolis,
  "Hoc ense tutari juvabit,
    "Hâc citharâ celebrare famam."

Heu! occidisti: vincla sed hostium
Domare tantam non animam valent;
  Testudo non rursùm sonavit;—
    Diripuit manus ista chordas.

Dixitque vates: " Te, lyra nobilis!
" Nunquam catenæ dedecus obruet;
" Et quæque libertas sacravit
" Carmina servitio tacebunt."

XXVI.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI[1].

"THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME."

Vallis in aspectu reduci mihi læta jacebat,
Et, quâ nuper erat sponsa relicta, domus.
Attamen heu! tremui, et depellens gaudia pressit
Nescio quid subitum tristia corda malum.
Quæsivi rutilam, quam jusserat ipsa, lucernam,
Accendi, notas me repetente vias;
Frustrà:—nox terram fuscis amplectitur alis,
At nulla in speculâ nulla lucerna nitet.

Interiora domûs vidi deserta; putares
  Jamdudum dominam succubuisse neci.
O utinam solùm vulnus mors ipsa dedisset!—
  Fugerat heu! conjux rumpere docta fidem.
Illìc suspensam vidi sonituque carentem,
  Aspera quæ poterat fata levare, lyram;
Jamque manus, toties didicit quæ tangere nervos,
  Oscula rivalis turpia ferre solet.

Olim tempus erat, cùm pro te, perfida conjux!
  Breffnius, hostiles actus adire manus,
Invasisset eum præceps per mille catervas,
  Audentem de te verba sinistra loqui.

Nunc tamen, heu! oblita nimis virtutis avitæ
Filia, quò cecidit fama priusque decus?
Heu! perpessa jugum, et cæsorum aspersa cruore,
Crimine vexatur terra paterna tuo.

Jam dolet, et tristi jactatur Hibernia damno;
Advena jam fœdo polluit arva gradu:
Aspergit famæ maculas, et dividit agros,
Et per longa ferox sæcla tyrannus erit.
Ite tamen, socii! capulo tenus exigat ensem
Dextera, vexillum pandat in astra virens:
Ite! et pro nobis virtus et Hibernia pugnent,
Saxones ast illum crimen et omne juvet.

[1] These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran:—"The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath; and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence; and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England and obtained the assistance of Henry the Second.

XXVII.

"FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR."

Valete!—sed cùm lætitiæ sonus
Implebit ædes vespere, me simul
  Servate, paulisper remotum,
    Pectore sub memori, sodales!
O sæpè curas fas mihi pellere
Vestrîs in aulis! mox redeat dolor,
  Spes omnis evanescat (eheu!
    Rara tamen); mala me fatigent;—
At nulla nostro ex pectore pristinas
Delebit unquam delicias dies,
  Quæ, sæpè vobiscum morantem,
    Me magico tenuêre vinclo.

Et cum replentur pocula Massico,
Cum corda miris exultant modis,—
Quocunque sim jussus vagari,
Sors mea sit mala vel benig-
na,—
Ludis fruetur spiritus omnibus,
Noctis per horas, et lepidis jocis;
Et manè diffusus redibit
Lætitiâ teneroque risu:
O quàm beatus tunc ego, dis-
cere
Quendam, catervas inter amabiles,
Me voce submissâ vocantem,
In medio cupiisse cœtu!

Fortuna vexet;—relliquiæ manent
Jam gaudiorum fine carentium,
Quæ, nocte sub longâ doloris,
Præteritum referunt leporem.

O pectus ardens hæc foveat diu!
Ut vas rosarum tingitur halitu;
Vas multa dispergat ruina,
Non odor effugiet rosarum.

XXVIII.

"YOU REMEMBER ELLEN."

Nonne, decus vici, Ellenam meminisse juvabit,
Sorte suâ doctam pauperiore frui,
Quando illam uxorem primò Gulielmus habebat,
Angustamque casam luce sacrabat amor?
Dulce erat uno animo duros perferre labores,
Cùm subitò tristis sic Gulielmus ait—
"Nunc alii fines, alienaque tecta petenda,"
Linquit et angustam territa nupta casam.

Longam fessa viam mœrens Ellena tenebat;
Nec cor sollicitum deserit iste dolor,

Cùm tandem labente die, nimbisque fugatis,
Eminet antè oculos turribus alta domus.
"Illìc optatam fas est contingere metam;
"Assurgunt venti, nox tenebrosa ruit:"
Sic fatus, cornu juvenis dat signa recurvo;
Salvere intrantes janitor ipse jubet.

"Jamque libens tibi grator," ait Gulielmus, "adesto!
"Hæ tibi sunt turres, hoc nemus omne tuum."
At putat amentem ignorans Ellena maritum;
Haud ità;—nunc aulis stat Comitissa suis.
Nec minus ille Comes vigilante fovebat amore
Quam prius uxorem duxerat exul inops;
Et jam fidus amor splendenti in sede moratur,
Qualis in angustâ stramineâque casâ.

XXIX.

"WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE THE MEMORIAL WAS KEEPING."

Dum fortè æternis mandabat Musa tabellis
  Regnorum memori fata vicesque fide,
Huic comes assiduos fundebat Hibernia fletus,
  Namque suis aderat charta repleta malis:
Ast oculi tandem tremulo fulgore micabant,
  Cùm, post tristitiæ dedecorisque notas,
Aspersum vidit radianti lumine librum,
  Dum *Wellingtoni* nomen arundo dedit.

"Ter salve," exclamat, "Patriæ lux inclyta, salve!"
  (Et roseum tinxit virginis ora jubar—)

"Luctibus in mediis, longum deserta per
ævum,
" Speravi talem gaudia ferre virum.
" Sors erat heroum quamvis infausta priorum,
"In tumulo quamvis nunc sine laude jacent,
" Enitet haud ullâ florescens labe corona,
"Quæ Wellingtoni cingit honore caput.

"Attamen ulterius restat tibi nobile factum;
" Hic labor illustri fine coronat opus:
" Grande decus quamvis aliis solvisse catenas,
" Grandius est gentis fata levâsse tuæ.
"Regis apud solium, pro quo fera bella movebas,
" I nunc, pro patriæ funde salute preces!

" Sic luctu in medio, medioque in sanguine fuso,
" Sic Wellingtoni spes sua nomen erit."

XXX.

"WHERE IS THE SLAVE SO LOWLY?"

Estne captivus patiens catenæ,
Qui sub infami potius tyranno
Proferat vitam, benè cùm liceret
Rumpere nexus?
Estne qui fati maneat supremi
Tardus adventum, opprobrio notatus,
Cùm Creatoris patulæ vocarent
Protinus aulæ?

Laurus, in campo stabilita, famam
Jactat avulsis foliis minorem,
Quæ triumphantûm nitidâ coronâ
Tempora cingunt.

Ecce versamur patriis in arvis!
Ecce vexillum viridans tuemur!
Dumque succurrunt comites, in hostem
Vertimus ora.

XXXI.

"I SAW FROM THE BEACH, WHEN THE MORNING WAS SHINING."

Vidi, mane novo, collustrans littoris oram,
  Egregiè vectam per vada salsa ratem;
Solis ad occasum, ratis illa in littore stabat,
  Attamen heu! retro cesserat unda maris.

Sic fato subiit teneræ spes alta juventæ;
  Lætitiæ celeres sic periêre vices:
Qui modò primævis fluctus nos sustulit annis
  Deficit, et serò littora sola manent.

Splendorem ne pande mihi sub nocte sere-
num,
Otia dum rident, et senis alma quies;
Redde mihi incertæ nova munera, redde, juventæ!
Dulcior hæc ætas nubila luce senis.

O! quis non reditu lætetur temporis acti,
Cùm primùm insolitis ignibus arsit amor;
Cùm, veluti lignum fervens quod prodit odores,
Cor dedit affectus corripiente deo?

XXXII.

"DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY!"

Te ferrata diu, patriæ lyra chara! silentî
  Vincula presserunt, te tenebrosa quies:
Sed mihi fas longos chordarum expellere
    somnos,
  Et libertatis dulce ciere melos.
Murmura lætitiæ, blandi modulamen amoris,
  Sæpè per argutas insonuêre fides;
Attamen heu! toties fuderunt plectra querelas,
  Surgit ut in lætis jam dolor ipse modis.

O lyra chara, vale! extremo sub fine laborum,
Hos ego versiculos, dona suprema, dedi.
Chara, vale! at donec fuerit me dignior alter,
Te, dum voce cares, lucida fama teget.
Carmine si nostro exultet Mavortia pubes
Concita, vel civis, vel capiatur amans,
Hoc decus omne tuum est, solùm tua gloria; vates
Nil nisi, quæ chordas commovet, aura levis.

XXXIII.

"MY GENTLE HARP! ONCE MORE I WAKEN."

Rursus poetæ sollicitat manus
Te, dulce plectrum! quod lachrymans semel,
Quod corde demisso, reliqui,
Et lachrymans iterum pererro.
Nullum dedisti lætitiæ sonum;
At semper, antiquæ ut Solymæ fides,
Mœstis pependisti salictis,
Servitii queribunda casu.

Sed dum jacebas triste silentio,
Fortuna risit nuper, et otium;
Et læta spes, mentis dolorem,
Heu! citius peritura, mulsit.

Ast illa pax, per littora, per mare,
Quamvis ciebat dulciloquos modos,
Plerisque solamen ministrans,
Te petiit graviore damno.

Quis gaudiorum murmura postulet,
Testudo languens! è fidibus tuis?
Cantus alaudarum querelis
Non benè conveniunt olorum.
Non me decebit, dum tibi vincula
Sertis parantur mixta rosariis,
Ut fila compellam solutas
Lætitiæ resonare voces.

At si liceret pectine lugubri
Proferre paucos lætitiæ sonos,
Quid possit eluctans catenâ,
Quid lyra mœstitiæ sub ictu,

Ediscat Orbis,—dum tenebræ premunt,
Quàm dulce carmen projiciant fides,—
  Ut chorda dat voces per ipsam
    Memnone dimidio ruinam[1].

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[1] "Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ."
Juvenal.

XXXIV.

"OH! BANQUET NOT IN THOSE SHINING BOWERS."

Huc ades! haud pictis epulæ celebrentur in hortis,
Quò coeunt juvenes: huc modò flecte gradum!
Sunt mihi deciduis horrentia floribus arva,
Chara seni, et mœstis commoda, et apta tibi:
Instituemus ibi taciti convivia luctûs,
Et dabitur pressâ voce levare sitim.
Nobis sint comites elapsi temporis umbræ,
Et cyathis nomen pallida labra dabunt.

Illìc, dum circà divinæ Cypridis arbos
  Spargit humum densis jam peritura comis,
In mentem venient perjura et inania vota,
  Et comitum instabilis raptaque morte cohors.
Illìc, dum suprà tristes diffusa recessus
  Laurus fronde carens brachia nuda gerit,
Dum bibimus, spreti liceat meminisse sepulchri,
  Pristina quo virtus nunc inhonora jacet.

XXXV.

"QUICK ! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND."

Evolat præceps spatium diei ;
Dum sinit tempus, cyathis vacate !
Jam monet, nos et monitos jubebit
Linquere mensas.
Gaudium, quæso, memores amici !
Dulce carpamus ; minimè fugaces
Protrahet luxus, minimè reducet
Thracius Orpheus.

Ecce ! quám pulchrè calices nitescunt ;
Labra sic rident juvenilis Hebes ;
Ecce ! te lento, cyathi rubescunt,
Ducere vinum.

Proh pudor! cùm tu, veniente sæclo,
Labra si captent, roseumve nectar,
Munus intactum gelido, sodalis!
Pectore linques.

XXXVI.

"I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE."

Me siste juxtà Cimmerium lacum[1],
Quà mortis ictum nunc animæ manent,
Et vana peccantes relinquunt
Gaudia, luxuriemque mundi.
Illìc, priusquam fata vocaverint,
Vitæ nefandos effugiam dolos;
Quicunque sint luctus vel umbræ,
Spes ibi non agitant caducæ.

Lethalis illìc aura, gementia
Reconditorum murmura fontium,
Tristesque silvarum susurri,
(Ut sopor irrequietus urnæ)
Pectus levabunt sollicitum nimis,
Vitæ reponens vana negotia;
Mentemque versari docebunt
Admonitu penitus sepulchri.

Ut lampas illis nocte reconditur,
Somni salubrem qui requiem petunt;
Sic eruantur spes molestæ,
Pectora si cupiant levamen:

Cor nunc rigescet; gaudia, vel dolor,
Afferre suetas non poterunt vices:
Sic quicquid in fontes gelatos
Injicitur, solet esse saxum.

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1 These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegal," says Dr. Campbell, "lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe."

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North;—almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains,—frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark

caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is, from strange association, wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes."—*Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

XXXVII.

DESMOND'S SONG.[1]

Nescium cursûs, mediâ vagantem
Nocte, me nuper Cytherea proles
Duxit in tectum, tua quo trahebant
Lumina sensus.

Cùm pedes istam tetigêre portam,
Vox dedit leni monitum susurro,
Præcinens casus, mea si Cupido
Pectora fallat.

Irruit velox amor, et dolorem
Intulit; sed si reditu veniret
Crastinæ lucis dolor iste, semper
Dulcis adesset.

Me graves luctûs agitent procellæ,
Fas erit cunctos animo labores
Ferre tranquillo, tua cùm parârit
Dextra ruinam.

Dedecus tu qui reputas amorem,
Ecce! quod temnis decus, et, puellæ
Dum vides formam, rubeo notentur
Ora colore:

An minus pandit tibi propter ortum
Bacca candoris? violæ recedit
Mira dulcedo, quia flos lutosis
Frondet in arvis?

Gloriam, priscos numerans honores,
Vir petit, frustrà proavis beatus;
Fœminæ, claris oculis nitentes,
Laude fruuntur:

Stripe mortali fragilique princeps
Gaudet humanus; mulier venusta,
Gratias inter, genus à profundo
Ducit Olympo.

1 "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependants, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her; and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family."—*Leland*, Vol. II.

XXXVIII.

"HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?"

Luctus inumbravit primæ lanuginis annos,
Contegit ut nubes æthera mane novo?
Heu! nimiùm velox effugit dulcior ætas,
Quæ tamen in medio grata dolore fuit?
Tempus edax gelidis affectus obruit alis,
Quos tua foverunt pectora læta diu?
Huc ades! exagitat dum sors ita ferrea mentem,
Et tecum lachrymas jam miser ipse dabo.

Anne tuo cordi fuit insidiosa Cupido,
Qualis in his nostris nota fodina[1] plagis?

Ipsa superficies ex omni parte videtur
  Sæpius auratis hìc micuisse notis ;
At quoties nitido captus fulgore colonus
  Altiùs effossi viscera pandit humi,
Haud secus ac noctu fallunt ludibria somni,
  Vel crudelis amor, lamina dives abit.

Ac veluti malè præpes avis[2], quam fabula narrat
  Tentâsse huc illuc per nemus omne fugam,
Dum tulit ardentem sublimis in aëra gemmam,
  Siccine spes animi fallere vota solet ?
Nunc huic, nunc illi, gaudens insidere frondi,
  Anne tuis oculis munera chara dabat ?
Cùmque videbatur propius jam flectere cursum,
  Siccine tum gemmam surripiebat avis ?

O! ita si rapido cursu decesserit ætas,
  Quando etiam luctus sollicitare nequit,—
Si spes crudeli sic vana fefellerit ictu,
  Quæ tu gaudebas lumine capta sequi,—
Si genus humanum, placidi sic pectoris expers,
  Sustulerit studium, quod tibi dulce fuit,—
Huc ades! exagitat dum sors ita ferrea mentem,
  Et tecum lachrymas jam miser ipse dabo.

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[1] The Wicklow gold-mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, it is feared, but too well the character here given of them.

[2] "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—ARABIAN NIGHTS: *Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.*

XXXIX.

"COME O'ER THE SEA, MAIDEN! WITH ME."

Virgo, per fluctus aditura mecum,
Huc ades! semper mea, seu procellæ,
Seu nives turbent, rutiletve Phœbi
Lucidus orbis.
Signa labentis varientur anni;
Pectus at verum retinens amorem,
Quæque sors usquam fuerit, perennes
Concipit æstus.

Fata nos vexent, sed amore fido
Semper adjuncti modò si fruamur,
Vita sit tecum mihi,—te remoto,
Morte quiescam!

Nonne libertas, inimica fræno,
Gaudet omninò pelagi meatu?
Apta sed tellus vitiis palatî,
Apta catenis?

Vincla servorum miseri subimus,
Luce vescentes patriis in arvis;
Grata libertas, et amor patenti
Ridet in alto.

Nos ibi nulli speculantur hostes;
Lingua non affert petulans venenum;
Nos ibi curis vacui vagamur
Æthere puro.

XL.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

Hæc lyra, quam pulso, te sollicitante Camænam,
Virgo fuit quondam sub mare sæpè canens:
Illa per undosos properavit vespere tractus,
Et juvenem petiit, dum malè suasit amor.

Diligit heu! frustrà, quem nulla incendia tangunt,
Et spretam queritur virgo relicta fidem;
At Superi tristes miserantur pectoris æstus,
Formaque Sirenes fit variata chelys.

At sinus est idem niveus, faciesque venusta,
Dum citharæ decorat cauda marina latus ;
Et coma, quæ suprà candentes labitur ulnas
Fusa, dat auratæ fila canora lyræ.

Evenit hinc, resonans ut tot per sæcula plectrum
Tristes commixtos edit amore modos :
Tu tamen hos disjungis adhuc ; nam, te procul, omnes
Luctus agit chordas,—te prope, tentat amor.

XLI.

"OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN."

O utinam nobis, procul inter cœrula pouti,
  Insula perpetuis floreat alma rosis!
Quà nunquam in mediis folium vel flos perit
    hortis,
  Veris et æterni muncra tollit apis;
Quà, dum compositâ longùm sol luce mora-
    tur,
  Vix fugat obscuræ noctis imago diem;
Quà magis hìc solùm gaudebit vescier aurâ,
  Quàm summas alibi carpere delicias.

Hic ter felices purum capiamus amorem,
Qualem viderunt aurea sæcla fidem;
Hìc quoque pectoribus nostris æstate perenni
Fervere[1] det rutilans Phœbus, et aura tepens.
Et dum spirat amor, similis florentibus hortis,
Dum spes semper habet prœmia, sicut apis,—
Vita sit hìc nobis longi lux blanda diei,
Tardaque mors veluti noctis amœna quies!

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[1] Fervere—ut à Fervo:
"———jam *fervere* littora flammis."
Virg. Æn., 4., 567.

APPENDIX.

*** The following Latin Versions of Moore's Irish Melodies are taken, by permission of the Authors, from the *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, the *Arundines Cami*, and the *Sabrinæ Corolla*, with consent also of the Editors and Publishers of these Volumes.

I.

"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT."

(From the Anthologia Oxoniensis.)

Nocte sæpius, antequam
Me quies religaverit,
Cùm latè loca conticent,
            Lucis haud rediturae
Fida Mnemosyne jubar
Circumfuderit irritum;
Seu sit ulla puertiæ
            Forte insumpta jocando,
Seu mœstis lachrymis dies,
Blandulove Cupidini,
Seu benignius arserint,
            Quí nunc morte gravati

Languescunt oculi, aut nimis
Corda luxuriaverint
Jampridem cruciatibus
              Lenti rupta doloris.

Cùm recordor ut omnibus
Arcto pectora vinculo
Sint connexa sodalibus,
              Quos perire, comarum
Instar arborearum, ego
Senserim ante pedes meos,
Hybernis aquilonibus,
              Tum solus spatiari
Atrio videor mihi
Convivis vacuo suis,
Inter arida serta, nec
              Lampadas face vivâ

Superstes reliqui chori!
Quid juvat, Dea, sic jubar
Circumfundere noctibus
Lucis haud rediturae!

R. R. W. L.

II.

"BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS."

(From the Anthologia Oxoniensis.)

Tam cupidis hodiè quem specto blandus ocellis
Iste tuus dulci vernus in ore decor,
Crede, meis si cras fugeret mutatus in ulnis,
Qualia quæ Nymphæ dant fugitura deæ;
Fidus adhuc cultor toto te corde foverem;
Cara fores pariter, facta venusta minus;
Intereà, priscæ tibi per vestigia formæ
Nexilis æternâ fronde vireret amor.

Dum tibi nec turpis veneres prædabitur ætas,
Lacryma nec teneras polluet ægra genas,

Non poterunt ea, queis fies labentibus annis
  Carior, ardentem corda probare fidem.
Frigida nam nescit verax oblivia pectus,
  Et manet ad finem, quí fuit ante calor;
Ut Clytie, quo mane suum veneratur, eodem
  Deperit obtutu vespere fixa deum.

G. B.

III.

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

(From the Anthologia Oxoniensis.)

Ultima ab æstivo floret rosa sole relicta,
  Ultima quà nuper tot nituêre nitet:
Quæque venustatis sociæ fulsêre prioris,
  Deciduæ tristi jam periêre vice.
Nulli cognato distincti lumine flores,
  Nulla tibi roseæ gentis alumna manet,
Unde repercusso niteas suffusa rubore,
  Et suspirantûm mutuus halet odor.

Cætera cùm linquant, ego te, rosa, linquere nolim,
  Ne pereas ægrè vimine fulta tuo.

I, quoniam pulchræ sic occubuêre sorores,
I rosa, communi dígna quiete frui.
Sic ego jam vivos diffundens mitis honores,
Frondibus irroro gramina sicca tuîs,
Quà tibi quot sociæ lætos viguêre per hortos
Undique marcentes et sinc odore jacent.

Mox sequar ipse tui moriens vestigia fati,
Quum dextræ fuerint fœdera rupta meæ;
Quum tandem, quà nunc pietas religata nitescit,
Deciderit gemmis orba corona suis.
Sincero simul ac studium snb pectore languet,
Avolat et cari cordis amica fides,
Quis velit, heu! vitæ gelidâ sub luce superstes,
Ingratas rerum solus obire vices?

W. B. J.

IV.

"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT."

(From thv Arundines Cami.)

Sæpè mihi, dum nox latè silet, ante catena
  Quàm domitos sensus vinxerit alma quies,
Præteritos reparat magicâ dulcedine soles
  Mnemosyne, cupidâ sollicitata prece.
Omne redit quidquid ridere aut flere solebam,
  Quidquid et effari motus amore puer;
Qui nunc luce carent, oculi effugere videntur;
  Quæ periêre, novo corda lepore micant.

Ah! quoties animo veteres remiuiscor amicos,
Indelibatâ pectora juncta fide,
Quos ego, væ misero, vidi cecidisse superstes,
Ut folia hyberno flamine rapta cadunt;
Desertâ videor spatiari mœstus in aulâ
Quam nuper festi perstrepuêre chori;
Quà lychni sine luce manent, sine odore corollæ;
Et, de convivis tot modò, solus ego!

B. H. K.

V.

"COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM, &c."

(From the Sabrinæ Corolla.)

Læsus in hôc fessusque sinu pete, dama,
quietem ;
Quum socii fugiunt, hîc tibi certa domus :
Hìc tibi risus adest, et lux innubila frontis,
Et tibi mens certâ juncta manusque
fide.

Ah ! quid amor prodesse valet, ni semper
eundem
Gaudia et ærumnæ, lausque pudorque,
vident.
Nec scio, nec quæro, culpamne in pectore
celes ;
Hoc scio, carus eris tu mihi, quidquid eris.

Ut me dixisti media inter gaudia divam,
In mediis eadem sim tibi diva malis:
Per flammas tua pone sequi vestigia, teque
Eripere, aut tecum dent mihi fata mori.

B. H. K.

VI.

"OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME, &c."

(From the Sabrinæ Corolla.)

Ah! nomen sileatur; in umbrâ dormiat illâ,
  Relliquiæ gelidæ quà sinc honore jacent.
Nos lacrymis illum mœstis sine voce fleamus,
  Cui bustum tacito nox pia rore levat.

Sed qui nocte cadunt etiam sine murmure rores
  Induerint læto funebre vere solum;
Inque animis nostris nomen servârit amici
  Quæ memor è cæco lacrima fonte cadit.

B. H. K.

VII.

"HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR, &c."

(From the Sabrinæ Corolla.)

Cara mihi redeunt morituræ tempora lucis,
 Quum radii in tacitas dissoluuntur aquas.
Somnia tum lapsos reddunt mihi dulcia soles,
 Teque memor cupido murmure, vita, sequor.

Dumque ego contemplor tremulâ freta consita luce,
 Levis ubi Hesperiis ignibus unda rubet,
Mens avet aurato vestigia ponere tractu,
 Transque vias solis rapta quiete frui.

B. H. K.

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